

# The Shelby News.

BY HENRI F. MIDDLETON.

VOL. 17:—NO. 35.

SHELBYVILLE, KY., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 867.

JOHN W. PRUETT, Esq., is our Agent at Frankfort; and is fully authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Shelby News, and to receive and remit for payments thereon.

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## Professional Cards.

**DR. WILLIAM M. ROGERS,** DENTIST, having permanently located in Shelbyville, begs leave to announce that he will devote his attention to the practice of his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his patients, he hopes to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

Office on Washington Street, at the residence formerly occupied by H. H. Martin, Esq.

August 20, 1856. 1m866

**DR. GEO. A. THROOP,** DENTIST, has removed to his new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and is now practicing his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his patients, he hopes to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**J. M. & W. C. BULLOCK,** ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT-LAW, have removed to their new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and are now practicing their profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to their clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**CRAIG & ELLIOTT,** ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, have removed to their new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and are now practicing their profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to their clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**M. HENRY & COCHRAN,** ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, have removed to their new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and are now practicing their profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to their clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**Business Cards.**

**GOLD & SILVER SMITHING.**

WARREN B. EWING respectfully announces to the citizens of Shelbyville and vicinity, that he has removed to his new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and is now practicing his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**S. G. & G. E. ADAMS,** HOUSE, SIGN, AND FANCY PAINTERS, have removed to their new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and are now practicing their profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to their clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**WOULD** respectfully inform the citizens of Shelbyville and vicinity, that he has removed to his new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and is now practicing his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**BUTCHERING.**

CHARLES E. BLUMER, informs the citizens of Shelbyville and vicinity, that he has removed to his new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and is now practicing his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**JOHN C. PETRY,** MANUFACTURER of shoes and boots, has removed to his new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and is now practicing his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**JOHN S. CHURCHILL,** MANUFACTURER of shoes and boots, has removed to his new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and is now practicing his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,** and dealer in STOVES of every variety, would respectfully inform the citizens of Shelbyville and vicinity, that he has removed to his new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and is now practicing his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**T. E. C. BRINLY & CO.,** PLOUGH MANUFACTURERS, have removed to their new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and are now practicing their profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to their clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**A. WAYNE,** PREMIUM CARriage & BUGGY MANUFACTURER, has removed to his new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and is now practicing his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**MARBLE MANUFACTORY,** has removed to his new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and is now practicing his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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**JAMES FALCONER,** has removed to his new office, in the city of Shelbyville, and is now practicing his profession in all its various branches. By diligent and faithful attention to his clients, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

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## The Shelby News.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

For 12 months within the month of subscription, at which time all subscriptions will be considered due, and chargeable with interest. No paper discontinued (except at the option of the Editor) until arrears are paid. A failure to notify advertisement, will be considered a new engagement, and paper forwarded accordingly.

Any person procuring FIVE subscribers and remitting us \$10, will receive a copy one year gratis, 20 copies \$30; and larger clubs at the same rate.

The circulation of the Shelby Weekly News is large, and is constantly increasing. As a medium of communicating with the public, its general and wide circulation affords rare opportunities. Terms are as follows:

For a square, 12 lines or less, one insertion, \$1.00  
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## The Spirit-Messenger.

BY HENRY THORNTON HARRIS.

Inscribed to my young friend John N. Crutcher. Wild bird of the snowy wing, where art thou soaring, So far, away from this bleak world of ours; Thou art a good spirit, yet bird-like returning To regions far 'mid the blossoming bowers; I saw thee at midnight unfold thy bright pinion— 'T was light as the story-decked canopy above, Where spirits like thee hold their eternal domain, And shed o'er earth's pilgrims the soft dew of love.

Around my deep slumber thou camest at even; Thy plumage shed a music unearthly, divine; For they had been bathed in the fountains of heaven, Whose waters with crystalline brightness e'er shine; Thou gavest a message, oh! beautiful spirit, It bade me look upward when sorrow was near, Away to that clime where the angels inherit, Where sorrow ne'er comes with a wail or a tear.

Oh! snowy white spirit—oh! beautiful angel, That fittest inhabitant in the shadows of night, To breathe o'er the sleeper God's holy evangel, And then to return on thy soft wings of light; Around me, above me, awake, or in slumber, The souls of departed ones hover afloat, More countless than sands on the sea beach in number, To point my lone spirit to Eden-like day.

Mostrove, (over Frankfort) August, 1856.

For "The Shelby News."

Written with my pen, and signed by me. Sweet human face! of all that I behold The object dearest my lonely heart, Spirit, that when the night fell, dark and cold, Bade the fresh flowers along my pathway start; That didst fill the desert with the breath Of violets, and many a red-roose wreath By thy bright presence, O, dear human face, Dearest and earliest love, or highest place, Than heaven's own tremulous, glittering bow; Or the loud tramp of fame, or gold or birth; Thou art to me a sun of brighter glory, Than he who walks the heavens in burning light.

Along the cold blank that spreads before me, Sending a gleam of tender, burning light, As when the Hebrew chieftain, from the mount Descending, wore upon his awful brow, A splendor pour'd from the eternal fount Of light round which the glorious seraph bow; So on thy brow a holy radiance beams, That makes thee beautiful in that rich glow Springing from a pure heart, than clearest stars Gleam from the firmament, and earthy hues Deface with blotched soil and earthly taint.

Sweet human face! whose orbs of deep hue, Show the pure soul calmly looking through; Star of my present night, my future hope, To which my heart all trembling looks up, Lo! triumph! thy own tongue hath told me How thy sweet light should evermore unfold me!

I know the soul is beautiful that dwells Behind thy veil of smiles, beloved face! And by the glory on thy features, tell, How lovely is its secret dwelling place, So to thy smile, dear human face to me, In whose orbit—thy light is brighter, I ween, Than heaven's own tremulous, glittering bow; And on whose bow, like morn on mountain streams, Truth flashes and each noble virtue beams; Dear light, sweet eyes! thy golden spell on me, Soft tones! ye to your silver shrine have won me— Lo! triumph! those deep eyes have said To me! thy light should evermore unfold me!

SHIRAZ PALACE, August, 1856. G. W. HARRIS.

HARD HIT.—In reply to a remark by a democratic paper that, "Benedict Arnold Appeal pointedly remarks: 'Probably he was—but he withdrew from the American Party,' and went over to the foreign party, very much after the modern fashion of the anti-Americans generally."

A NEW CENT.—Everybody will be glad to learn that a new cent is to be coined. The old copper-head, which has so long represented the smallest fractional division of our decimal money in use, is too cumbersome and large for the little value it represents, and the substitution for it of a new coin, readily distinguishable from all others in circulation, will be considered by all a great improvement. It is therefore proposed by the Directors of the Mint, that the new cent shall be eighty-eight parts copper and twelve parts nickel. This will make a coin of a dark reddish color. It is to weigh seventy-two grains, less than half the present cent, which is 168 grains—Philadelphia Sun.

Prospects of Mr. Buchanan.—In further confirmation of the many reports, both from correspondents and individual travellers, of the prospects of Mr. Buchanan at the North, we give a portion of a letter received by the Savannah Republican, dated Saratoga Springs, July 21st. The writer is a Democrat, and therefore cannot be suspected of giving any unfavorable views of the prospects of his party candidate, unless compelled by the "lights before him" in that region. After speaking of the dissolution of the Union, as the result of the triumph of the Free-soil party, he says:

"Is there any way to avert these evils?—I solemnly declare to you, my Southern brethren, that I see none, save in the election of Millard Fillmore to the Presidency. And here, that I may not be understood, let me say that I came to the North a Democrat, and remain one. A graduate from the office of the organ of the Democratic party of Georgia, I fondly cherish its principles, but I love this Union more. If there was the remotest possibility of the election of a Democratic President, my humble efforts would be exerted to secure it; under existing circumstances, however—Mr. Buchanan being entirely out of the question, in the North, at least—I do not intend to throw away my suffrage by voting for him, and thereby, even through indirectly, contribute to the election of Fremont, the Abolition Church and State candidate."

"The question before us is, Union or Disunion? and I shall record my vote accordingly. I shall vote for the candidate of the great American movement, nick-named into nationality under the epithet of Know-Nothingism—recognizing that spontaneous, voiceful upheaving of popular sentiment which has shaken the political world from Maine to California, making the dry bones of party rattle in their whited sepulchres! that uncompromising declaration of national brotherhood which ignores the past issues of political strife—which rises clear of local bias, and maintains the great fact that a true American knows no North, no South, no East, no West—but only his country!—Yours, truly, E."

## A Fillmore and Donelson paper

has recently been established in Indianapolis, Indiana, with 10,000 subscribers.

CENTURY PLANT.—A RARE CURIOSITY.—The Malon Palladium, states that at Ogdensburg, near the St. Lawrence Hotel, a Century Plant is now in full bloom. This Plant is now nearly or quite 100 years old. It blooms only once in a century, and has been in the possession of Mr. Van Rensselaer for 23 years, and in that of the late Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany, for 27 years previous. It is now on exhibition in Ogdensburg, the proceeds of the admission fee to go to the Young Men's Association of that place. The following are the dimensions of the plant:

Height, 33 feet.  
Circumference of trunk, 10 feet.  
Breadth of leaf at the trunk, average, 1 foot.  
Length of leaf, 10 feet.  
Number of leaves, 100.  
Circumference of base of upright stem, 3 feet.  
Number of blossoms bearing branches, 33 feet.  
Whole number of blossoms, about 18,000.

Teachers Wanted.

A SCHOOL TEACHER.

Teachers Wanted.

Teachers Wanted.

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## JUSTICES' AND CLERKS' BLANKS,

printed on good paper, and in neat style, at the SHELBY NEWS OFFICE.

MATRASSES.

SHELBYVILLE MATRASS FACTORY.—I am now manufacturing, in my new establishment, and Spring MATRASSES, of every size. I will also renovate old Mattresses, old Sofas and Sofa Chairs, having put in every variety of Springs, Blinds, and Window Shades; cut, make and put down Carpets, and attend to all the various and sundry repairs in my line. I am now permanently located in this place, and have been identified as a citizen. I therefore ask of the citizens here, and the surrounding country, a share of their patronage.

All orders promptly attended to.

Teachers Wanted.

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## SHELBY FARM FOR SALE.

I wish to sell the FARM, on which I reside, situated 3 miles east from Shelbyville, and one mile north of the turnpike, containing 122 acres, in a high state of cultivation. The improvements consist of a new frame dwelling, of good size, and convenient; with necessary outbuildings, and never failing water.

Also, a TRACT OF LAND, situated on the new Frankfort road, one half mile from the Farm, containing 100 acres, in a high state of cultivation, nearly all hemp land; has on it all necessary improvements, and is well watered.

I will sell them together, or separately. Those wishing to purchase would do well to examine for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere. Call on the subscriber on the premises.

Dec 19, 1855. WILLIS W. PARRISH.

DESIRABLE FARM.

FOR SALE.—Having engaged in a business that I will require my whole attention, I offer my Farm for sale. This Farm lies upon the Frankfort pike, 14 miles from Shelbyville, containing 220 ACRES of excellent land, adapted to hemp or for a stock farm. There are several excellent springs, two spring water ponds, plenty of corn, and a good fence built. This Farm is capable of being divided into two medium farms, each having wood and water, and a good fence. It is a very healthy locality, and in an excellent neighborhood, and to any one wishing to educate children at the desirable schools of Shelbyville, offers an excellent opportunity.











# The Garland.

A Chime from the Bells of the Brain.

BY WILLIE E. FARR.

"I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundly,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the bells of his brain."

ROSE'S EYES HAVE AROUSED  
And Rose knows their power well;  
Fatal weapons they, I deem,  
To those that feel their charmed spell,  
Who shall tell how many days  
Have been shot from Rose's eyes  
Who shall tell how many hearts  
Victims to her Rose's eyes?

Alas! the number may not be  
Told in full by her or me.

ROSE'S STEP IS ALL A GRACE  
And light and bounding as the fawn;  
Beauty sits upon her face  
As glory on the brow of morn,  
Rose's cheeks are like the rose,  
Pure, and radiant, and fair,  
Needing in its sweet repose  
No other soft and silken hair,  
And no pearl starred crown could be  
Fairer than that rose to me.

ROSE'S LIPS—ALAS!—A DAY  
"Tis here I lack the power to tell  
But I have those lips to say,  
Had I some famed enchantress's spell,  
But I know those lips are  
Well might tempt the roving boy,  
From the honeyed draught of wine,  
To come more sweet, but not so free,  
Rose guards the nectar well,  
As one (her nameless quite) could tell.

ROSE'S LIFE HAS BEEN A TRAIL  
Much like a queen's triumphal march;  
Or more like some brilliant arch,  
Set in Time's celestial arch,  
I seek I seem to see  
Fair Aurora, queen of morn,—  
But too radiant for me,  
To a lower station here,  
I only stand apart,  
With my beating, bleeding heart.

## Miscellaneous.

The Bridal Eve.—BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

One summer night, the blaze of many lights  
Streaming from the windows of an old  
mansion, reached yonder among the  
rocks and woods, flashed far over the dark  
waters of Lake Champlain.

In a quiet and comfortable chamber of  
that mansion a party of British officers, sit-  
ting around a table spread with wines and  
viands, discussed a topic of some interest,  
if it was not the most important in the  
world, while the tread of the dancers shook  
the floor of the adjoining room.

"Yes, while all was gaiety and dance and  
music in the largest hall of the old man-  
sion, whose hundred lights glimmered far  
over the waters of Champlain, here in this  
quiet room, with the evening breeze blow-  
ing in their faces through the open win-  
dows, here this party of British officers had  
assembled to discuss their wines and their  
favorite topic.

"That topic was—the comparative beauty  
of the women of the world."  
"As for me," said a handsome young  
Ensign, "I will match the voluptuous forms  
and dark eyes of Italy against the beauties  
of all the world!"

"And I," said a bronzed old veteran,  
who had risen to the colonelcy by his long  
service and hard fighting, "and I have a  
pretty blue of a daughter there in England  
whose blue eyes and flaxen hair would  
shame your beauties of Italy into ugliness!"

"I have served in India, as you all must  
know," said the Major, who sat next to the  
veteran, "and I never saw painting or statue,  
much less living woman, half so lovely as  
some of those Hindoo maidens, bending  
down with water lilies in their hands; bend-  
ing down by the light of torches, over the  
dark waters of the Ganges."

And thus, one after another, Ensign, Col-  
onel and Major, had given their opinion,  
until that young American refugee, yonder  
at the foot of the table, left to decide the  
argument. That American—For I blush to  
say it—handsome young fellow as he is,  
with a face full of manly beauty, deep blue  
eyes, ruddy cheeks, and glossy brown hair,  
that American is a refugee, and a Captain  
in the British army. He wore the hand-  
some scarlet coat, the glittering epaulettes,  
lace ruffles on his bosom and around his  
waist.

"Come, captain, pass the wine this way!"  
shouted the Ensign, "pass the wine and de-  
cide this great question! Which are the  
most beautiful: the red cheeks of merry  
England, the dark eyes of Italy, or the  
graceful forms of Hindoostan?"

The captain hesitated for a moment, and  
then tossing off a bumper of old Madeira,  
somewhat flushed as he was with wine, re-  
plied:

"Mould your three models of beauty,  
your English lass, your Italian queen, and  
your Hindoo nymph, into one, and add to  
their charms a thousand graces of color and  
form and feature, and I will not compare  
this perfection of loveliness for a single  
moment with the wild and artless beauty  
of an American girl!"

The laugh of the three officers, for a mo-  
ment, drowned the echo of the dance in the  
next room.

"Compare this American milk-maid with  
the women of Italy!"

"Or the lass of England!"

"Or the graceful Hindoo girl!"

This laughing crew of the British officers  
stare the handsome refugee to the quick.

"Hark ye!" he cried, half rising from his  
seat, with a flushed brow, but a deep and  
deliberate voice; "To-morrow I marry a  
wife; an American girl! To-night, at mid-  
night, too, that American girl will join the  
dance in the next room. You shall see  
her—you shall judge for yourselves! Whether  
the American woman is not the most beau-  
tiful of the world!"

There was something in the manner of  
the young refugee, more than in the nature  
of his information, that arrested the atten-  
tion of his brother officers. For a moment  
they were silent.

"We have heard something of your mar-  
riage," Captain said the young Ensign, "but  
we did not think it would occur so sudden-  
ly. Only think of it! To-morrow you will  
be gone—settled—married man! But tell  
me, how will your lady-love be brought to  
this house to-night? I thought she resided  
in the rebel lines!"

"She does reside there! But I have sent a  
messenger—a friendly Indian chief, on  
whom I can place the utmost dependence,  
to bring her from her present home, at the  
dead of night through the forest, to this  
mansion. He is to return by twelve; it is  
now half past eleven!"

"Friendly Indian!" echoed the veteran  
Colonel; "Rather an odd guardian for a  
pretty woman! Quite an original idea of a  
Dumma I vow."

"And you will watch this lady against all  
the world, for beauty?" said the Major.

"Yes, and if you do not agree with me,  
this hundred guineas which I lay upon the  
table, shall serve our mess for wines, for a  
month to come! But if you do agree with  
me—as I doubt you will—then you are to  
replace this gold with a hundred  
guineas of your own."

"Agreed! it is a wager," chorused the  
Colonel and the two other officers.

And in that moment—while the doorway  
was thronged with ladies and gay offi-  
cers, attracted from the next room by the  
debate—as the refugee stood with one hand  
resting upon the pile of gold, his ruddy  
face grew suddenly pale as a shroud, his  
blue eyes dilated, until they were encircled  
by a line of white enamel, he remained  
standing there, as if frozen to a stone.

"Why, Captain, what is the matter?"  
cried the Colonel, starting up in alarm.  
"Do you see a ghost, that you stand gazing  
there at the blank wall?"

The other officers also started up in  
alarm, and asked the cause of this singular  
demonstrator, but, for the space of a minute  
or more, the refugee Captain stood  
there, more like a dead man suddenly re-  
called to life, than a living being.

That moment passed; he sat down with a  
cold shiver; made a strong effort to get  
under his command; and then gave utter-  
ance to a forced laugh.

"Ha, ha! See how I have frightened  
you!" he said;—and then laughed that cold,  
unnatural, hollow laugh again.

And yet half an hour from that time he  
freely confessed the nature of the horrid  
picture which he had seen drawn upon that  
blank wainscoted wall, as if by some su-  
pernatural hand.

But now with the wine-cup in his hand,  
he turned from one comrade to another, ut-  
tering some forced jest, or looking towards  
the doorway, crowded by officers and la-  
dies, he gaily invited them to share in this  
remarkable argument; which were the most  
beautiful women in the world!

As he spoke, the hour struck.  
Twelve o'clock was there, and with it a  
foreshadowing, and then a bold Indian form  
came urging through the crowd of ladies throng-  
ing yonder doorway.

Silently, his arms folded on his war-blanket,  
a look of calm stoicism on his dusky  
brow, the Indian advanced along the room,  
and stood at the head of the table. There  
was no lady with him!

Where is the fair girl? She who is to be  
the bride to-morrow? Perhaps the Indian  
has left her in the next room, or in one of  
the other halls of the old mansion, or per-  
haps—but to think is a foolish one—  
she refused to obey her lover's request—  
refused to come to meet him!

There was something awful in the deep  
silence that reigned through the room, as  
the solitary Indian stood there at the head  
of the table gazing silently in the lover's  
face.

"Where is she?" at last gasped the refu-  
gee. "She has not refused to come! Tell  
me, has any accident befallen her by the  
way? I know the forest is dark, and the  
path most difficult—tell me where is the  
lady for whom I sent you into the rebel  
lines?"

For a moment, as the strange horror of  
that lover's face before him, the Indian  
was silent. Then, as his answer seemed  
trembling on his lips, the ladies in yonder  
doorway, the officers from the ball-room,  
and the party round the table, formed a  
group around the two central figures—the  
Indian standing at the head of the table,  
his arms folded in his war-blanket—the  
young officer, half rising from his seat, his  
lips parted, his face ashy, his clenched  
hands resting on the dark mahogany of the  
table.

The Indian answered first by action, then  
by word.

First action: Slowly drawing his right  
hand from his war blanket he held it  
in the light. That hand clutched with  
blood-stained fingers a bleeding scalp, and  
long and glossy locks of beautiful black  
hair.

Then the word: "Young warrior sent the  
red man for the scalp of the pale faced  
saw! Here it is!"

Yes, the rude savage had mistaken his  
message! Instead of bringing the bride to  
her lover's arms, he had gone on his way  
determined to bring the scalp of the victim  
to the grasp of her pale-faced enemy.

Not even a groan disturbed the silence  
of that dreadful moment. Look there! The  
lover rises, presses that long hair—so black,  
so glossy, so beautiful—to his heart, and  
then—as though a huge weight, falling on  
his brain had crushed him, fell with one  
dead sound on the floor.

He lay there—stiff, pale and cold—his  
clenched right hand still clutching the  
bloody scalp, and the long dark hair falling  
in glossy tresses over the floor.

That was a bridal eve!

Now tell me, my friends—who you have  
heard some silly and ignorant pretender  
pitifully complain of the destitution of  
Legend, Poetry, Romance, which charac-  
terizes our National History—tell me did you  
ever read a tradition of England or France,  
Italy or Spain, or any other land, under the  
heavens, that might, in point of awful trag-  
edy, compare with the simple history of  
these loved Jones and Jane McCrea? For it  
is but a scotch from this narrative, with which  
you all have been familiar from childhood,  
that I have given you.

When the bridegroom, flung there on the  
floor, with the bloody scalp and long dark  
tresses in his hands, arose again to the ter-  
rible consciousness of life, these words  
trembled from his lips, in a faint and husky  
whisper:

"Do you remember how, half an hour ago  
—I stood there—by the table—silent,  
pale, and horror-stricken—while you start-  
ed up round me, asking me what horrid  
thing I saw? Then, oh, then, I beheld the  
horrid scene—the home, yonder by the  
smoke and flames! The red forms of In-  
dians going to and fro amid flame and smoke  
tombstones and torch in hand! There,  
amid dead bodies and smoking embers, I  
beheld her form—my bride—for whom I  
had sent the messenger—kneeling, pleading  
for mercy, even as the tomahawk crashed  
into her brain!"

As the horrid picture again came over his  
mind, he sank senseless again, still clutch-  
ing that terrible memorial—the bloody  
scalp and black hair!

That was an awful BRIDAL EVE!

How some marry and live.—A young  
man meets a pretty fair, falls in love with  
it, courts it, marries it, goes to housekeep-  
ing with it, and boasts of having a home  
and a wife to grace it. The chances are  
nine to ten he has no other. Her pretty  
face gets to be an old story—or becomes  
faded, or freckled, or fretted—and as the  
face was all he wanted, all he bargained for,  
he is all sworn to love, honor and protect,  
he gets sick of his trade, knows a dozen faces  
which he likes better, gives up staying at  
home, and goes to the city, and there, in  
the arms of a very indifferent boarding  
house, a family of children grow up about  
him; but neither he nor his "face" knows  
anything about training them, so they come  
up helter skelter, made love to, they come  
babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges  
when young men and women; and so pass  
year after year, and not one quiet happy  
home life is known throughout the  
whole household.

"Josh, I say, I was going down street  
to-day, and I seed a tree bark." "I seed  
the same one, leave." "Did it take its trunk  
with it?" "No, it left that for board."

Eloquent Extract.—We copy the fol-  
lowing extract from a new work entitled  
"The Old house by the River."

"Go preach to the dead, ye who deny the  
immortality of the affection. Go reason  
with the trees or hills, or images of  
wood, or with your own motionless, lifeless  
souls, ye who believe that because there  
is no marrying yonder, there shall be  
no embracing, or because we may not use  
the gentle words 'my wife,' we may not  
clasp these sanctified forms in our holy  
arms! I tell you, man, that immortality  
would be a glorious cheat, if with our clay  
died all our first affections. I tell you that  
annihilation would be heaven, if I could  
believe that when my head at length rests  
on its coffin pillow, and my lips link to  
the silence and repose of death, these lov-  
ing eyes will ever look in mine again,  
this clay never be around my neck, this  
holy carcase never bless me more."

COUNT THEM.—Count what? Why, count  
the mercies which have been quietly fall-  
ing in your path through every period of  
your history. Down they come, every morn-  
ing and every evening, as angel mes-  
sengers from the Father of Lights, to tell  
you of your best Friend in Heaven. Have  
you lived these years, wasting mercies,  
treasuring them beneath your feet, and con-  
suming them every day, and never yet re-  
alized from whence they came? If you  
have, Heaven pity you!

You have murmured under afflictions;  
but who has heard you rejoice over bless-  
ings? Do you ask what are these mercies?  
Ask the sunbeam, the rain drop, the star,  
or the queen of night. What is life, but a  
mercy? What is health, strength, friend-  
ship, social life, the Gospel of Christ, Di-  
vine Worship? Had they the power of  
speech, each would say, "I am a mercy."

Perhaps you have never regarded them as  
such. If not, you have been a dull stu-  
dent of nature or revelation.

What is the property of stopping to  
play with a thorn bush, when you may just  
as well pluck sweet flowers, and eat pleas-  
ant fruits?

Yet we have seen enough of men to know  
that they have a morbid appetite for thorns.  
If they have lost a friend they will murmur  
at the loss, if God has given them a score  
of new ones. And somehow everything  
assumes a value when it is gone, which  
man would not have acknowledged when  
he had it in his possession, unless indeed  
some one wished to purchase it.

Happy is the man who looks at the bright side  
of life, of Providence, and of revelation,  
—who avoids thorns, and thickets, and  
sloughs, until his Christian growth is such  
that if he cannot improve them, he may  
pass among them without injury. Count  
mercies, before you complain of affliction.

Circles of Hot and Cold weather.—  
It is somewhat remarkable that, though the  
historic period is several thousands of years  
old, comparatively little is known of the  
science of meteorology. One would have thought  
that one of the first subjects to which the at-  
tention of engineers would be directed would  
have been the causes of storms, the fluctua-  
tions of hot and cold years and the laws  
which generally governed the weather.

But with the exception of a few popular  
signs to which little or no additions have  
been made since the time of Virgil, we know  
nothing of a subject so important to the  
interests of a few farmers, shepherds, or  
traders, in the course of a long life, ob-  
tained, by close observation of nature, some  
insight into the laws of the weather, and  
have originated these popular signs; but  
being unlettered men, most of their knowl-  
edge has perished with them, so that each  
generation has to begin over again, the  
acquisition of the necessary facts. It is  
only within the few last years that science  
has taken up the subject seriously. Even  
yet the paucity of data is so great, that  
only an approximation has been made to a  
true theory of the subject.

One of the few things that may be re-  
garded as established, is that cold and warm  
seasons come in regularly recurring cycles.  
It was not until A. D. 1700, that the ob-  
servations began to be made upon which  
this conclusion is founded; and until A. D.  
1850 these were loosely conducted, the ther-  
mometer not coming into use before 1792.  
Webster, L. L. D., so long ago as 1792,  
published a series of tables on the weather,  
in which he gave the comparative tempera-  
ture of each year for a century preceding.

From these tables it appeared that there  
was a tendency to extreme seasons from the  
sixth to the tenth year of every decade, and  
especially of every alternate decade. Since  
that publication, more accurate observa-  
tions, extending over a large portion of the  
interval, have confirmed his opinion. The  
first five years of each decade have gener-  
ally a mean temperature higher than the  
last five years. Thus from A. D. 1791 to A.  
D. 1795 was a warm period; and from 1796  
to A. D. 1800 was a cold one; and so it has  
continued in each decade, except that from  
A. D. 1810 to A. D. 1815, up to the pre-  
sent time. These tables also show that from  
A. D. 1786 up to A. D. 1850 the temperature  
was gradually rising, while from that  
period it has been as gradually falling,  
though in both epochs the fluctuations in  
the decades have regularly prevailed.

Some writers attribute these changes to  
the spots on the sun, while others contro-  
vert this notion. The existence of these  
spots is thought to increase the mean heat of  
the summer in our latitude, while it adds  
also to the severity of the winters. On the  
other hand the absence of such spots is  
said to make the seasons extreme, and the  
seriously disturbing the mean of the year,  
in both cases the result is supposed to be  
by the influence of the sun's rays on ter-  
restrial magnetism, and its consequence  
effect on the trade winds and the amount  
of moisture. This is the opinion of Mr.  
Butler, an American, one of the latest in-  
vestigators of the laws of the weather.

But it is not concerned in Mr. Schwabe,  
a distinguished European meteorologist,  
who made accurate annual investigation  
on this very subject, from A. D. 1829 to  
A. D. 1850. It must be said, however, in  
favor of Mr. Butler, that the magnetic ac-  
tion of this country is more intense than  
that of Europe, and that in consequence,  
effects might be traced here which are  
unobservable in the other hemisphere. But  
whatever may be the cause, the fact seems  
indisputable, that cold and hot periods of  
years follow each other according to a de-  
terminate law, which there is hope may  
yet be discovered. The experience of the  
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